Rendezvous

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Rendezvous

by hartfeathers

Summary

Frederick stares back at him and Will can see the smile tugging the corners of his mouth, begging to be set free. "Well, Mr Graham, alone at last. How ever will we pass the time?"

"Do you have to be such a brat?"

He simply smiles, smug and not at all repentant, and answers. "I don't know what you mean, Will."

Will levels him with an unimpressed stare. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

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Prompt - 1x06 Entrée

Notes

I have given Frederick the nickname 'Eric'.
I was looking for a nickname for Frederick, because he has a long name it made sense for Will to give him a nickname. I thought it would be a little sweet and further indicate a preexisting closeness.

I ruled out Fred/Freddie because of the association to Freddie Lounds. My mum's boyfriend is named Rick so any variations of that was out. The only other ones I liked were Red or Eric, and I preferred Eric.
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The quiet click of the door closing announces Alana's departure, leaving Will alone with Frederick Chilton, a layer of tension seems to evaporate and he relaxes a little. He rolls his shoulders and eyes the other man in the room.

Frederick stares back at him and Will can see the smile tugging the corners of his mouth, begging to be set free. "Well, Mr Graham, alone at last. How ever will we pass the time?"

"Do you have to be such a brat?"

He simply smiles, smug and not at all repentant, and answers. "I don't know what you mean, Will."

Will levels him with an unimpressed stare. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

He smiles widely, "Can you blame me? This is the first time we've interacted in a professional setting and it's *very* interesting to see you like this."

Will pinches the bridge of his nose, "Did you have to be so antagonistic with Jack yesterday?"

"How did that make you feel?"

"Eric…" Will groans.

Frederick beams at the familiar nickname, a name that only Will calls him. It had been a surprise the first time Will uttered it, an entirely unfamiliar name and for a moment Frederick thought to be quite put out that Will may be thinking of another while fucking him. When he asked, Will tripped over his own words and explained *well, I'm not exactly going to call you Freddie, am I?*, which he conceded with a nod. He knew Will never liked Freddie Lounds' brand of journalism, which has only been exacerbated in recent weeks, and he didn't want to think about the woman while naked, however unintentionally.

"That's Dr Chilton, Mr Graham, this is my place of work." he says cheekily.

Will just rolls his eyes but can't help the quirk of his lips, unable to resist the teasing. "That may be, but we're alone now and I can call you whatever I want, sweetie." Will watches in delight as Frederick's skin flushes pink and he ducks his gaze with a shy smile.

"It's been a few weeks since we last saw each other." It's not a question but Will hears one anyway, Frederick not so subtly prodding for an explanation for their longer than usual separation.

Will sighs softly, "I've been busy. Jack's been on my back almost constantly since the Hobbs case." he absently rubs his forehead as he feels the echo of a headache begin to needle at his temples. The rattle of a draw being opened catches his attention and he sees Frederick offering a bottle of aspirin. "How did you know?"

"Really, Will? All the time we've spent together, of course I recognise the early signs of one of your headaches." Frederick scoffs lightly as he pours water into a glass, he makes no move to stand and Will knows it's on purpose. He's luring Will closer, an obvious tactic but one he will allow, even if he rolls his eyes just a little.

Will crosses the room and leans against the edge of Frederick's desk beside his arm, he takes the pills and downs them quickly. He closes his eyes and bathes in the calming darkness hoping the aspirin will kick in soon. A sure hand stroking his thigh pulls him back and he opens his eyes, Frederick gazes up at him, his green eyes shine like pale jade gemstones in the light.

"There are other ways to relieve tension." He murmurs, his tone quietly coy.

Will looks down at him with a raised eyebrow and smirks lightly, "Is there now?"

Frederick simply grins and begins trailing his hands over Will's body, firmly stroking along his thighs, stomach and chest. His familiar touch and warmth helps Will relax and he allows himself to lean more heavily against the desk, the quiet intimacy makes the moment seem almost sleepy.

Frederick stands slowly and presses into Will's space, nudging his nose gently against Will's as he speaks softly, "I've missed our little rendezvous." Will merely hums, offering nothing because he knows that his silence will prompt more confessions, and of course it comes in hushed breaths against his lips. "I missed you."

Only then does he touch Frederick, placing his hands on the other man's hips and squeezing gently. "Missed you too, sweetie."

This close Will can see the skin dusted pink beneath Frederick's neat beard. He closes the gap and kisses him softly, a deft press of lips that coaxes a small, high noise of contentment to reverberate in Frederick's throat, ricocheting against their kiss. Will has missed him, missed their easy companionship, the utter lack of expectations Frederick has of him beyond their pleasure. What they have is comfortable, easy and satisfying. Their arrangement has been in place for a while now, after meeting at a party held at Quantico and the following night together, and he has missed it.

He hums as he traces his fingers through Frederick's soft beard and tilts his head to deepen their kiss. The lick of tongue and capturing of lips is relaxingly languid, their kisses unhurried and almost lazy, coaxing a slow bubbling desire.

Will leans his head back as Frederick breaks their kiss to mouth along his neck, the feeling of hot, damp lips pressing against the thin, vulnerable skin of his throat makes him shudder. He sighs and threads a hand though Frederick's hair as he trails light kisses to his collarbone and down. Will hadn't even noticed Frederick begin to unbutton his shirt, only becoming aware of it as the man lays kisses against the skin of his chest, his lips brushing against newly exposed skin until Will's shirt hangs open. He sucks in a sharp breath as Frederick palms over his slowly hardening cock and nips at the skin above the waistband of his trousers. He looks down and swallows a groan when he sees Frederick now kneeling at his feet, looking up at him beseechingly as his face hovers over Will's crotch.

"Are you sure, Eric? We are in your office." Will asks, as aroused as he is becoming he is very aware of where they are and the number of people who could walk in on them - namely Alana, and wouldn't that be a mess to explain.

"Yes." he answers with no hesitation. "My employees know not to disturb me when I have guests and I'm sure Dr Bloom will be a while yet, Dr Gideon is such a fascinating patient."

"Fascinating, is he?"

Frederick grins up at him, mirth dancing in his eyes, he knows Will isn't truly jealous, only being playful. "Don't worry, Will, Dr Gideon holds no interest for me right now, I have my hands full." he presses his palm against Will's swelling cock, licking his lips as Will hisses and rocks his hips.

Will mutters *fuck* under his breath and feels blood rush to his groin, the simmering arousal flaring hot at Frederick's touch. He watches as the keeling man unfastens his belt, then pulls down his trousers and underwear enough to expose Will's cock. Will groans as Frederick grips his half hard cock, his hand pumping smoothly along the flesh until Will is panting heavily, his cock now achingly erect and pearling precum. He cannot help but watch as Frederick sticks out his tongue and licks the tip, tasting him and teasing him in the same motion. His fingers tighten in Frederick's hair but he doesn't push or try to maneuver him, he just holds him. He moans as Frederick kisses his cock, pressing his lips along the length almost worshipfully before lightly suckling the head.

"Fuck, sweetie, that feels good." Will rasps and strokes his thumb along the hinge of Frederick's jaw.

Frederick smiles up at him, genuine if a little self-satisfied, and then he wraps his fingers around the base of Will's cock and takes him into his mouth. Will grunts deeply as wet heat surrounds his cock, Frederick's slick tongue rubs against the sensitive underside and he slowly bobs his head, taking a little more of Will's cock each time until his lips touch his own fingers. Will moans freely as Frederick slowly sucks his cock, the occasional graze of teeth makes him hiss and clench his fingers in Frederick's hair, the ensuing moan vibrates against his cock and his back arches as pleasure skitters up his spine.

He feels the head of his cock butt against the back of Frederick's mouth and can feel the way his mouth floods with saliva in reflex. Will groans as Frederick cups his balls, gently massaging them as he slowly retreats and then slides down Will's cock again, only this time he doesn't stop when the head hits the back of his throat, he swallows.

Will curses and moans loudly as Frederick's throat contracts around the head of his cock, he stares down at the man in surprise, "Oh, sweetie, have you been practicing for me?"

Frederick looks back, his eyes darkened with lust, and hums an affirmation which causes Will to curse again. Frederick continues slowly sucking Will's cock, now taking Will deep into his throat each time, holding him there until the need for air becomes too desperate to be stated by breathing steadily through his nose. He pulls off for a moment, panting heavily against Will's cock as he strokes him, the liberal coating of spit making the skin slippery and the wet noise of it only serves to arouse them more. Becoming increasingly impatient, Frederick

sucks the head of Will's cock hard and then swallows him down to the hilt until his nose is pressed against the soft skin of Will's pelvis.

"Eric!" Will cries out as he forces himself to remain still, fighting the urge to thrust and fuck into Frederick's throat. He moans deeply as Frederick swallows around him, the rhythmic contraction of his muscles around his cock is driving Will insane. Frederick backs off and wraps his hand around Will's wet cock once more, he bobs his head as he quickly strokes Will's cock. Will throws his head back as he feels himself hurtling towards orgasm, the sudden change in pace sends him spinning. "I'm gonna come."

At his gasped words, Frederick sinks down on his cock, taking the entire length and swallowing. Will swears and arches, pleasure crashing through him as his orgasm washes over him, groaning as he spills cum down Frederick's throat which is still tightly strangling his pulsing cock. He can feel Frederick's exhales against the base of his cock, the warm air makes him shiver as he pants with the aftershock of ecstasy. He whines softly and gently pulls Frederick's hair to encourage him to let go, the clenching of his throat becoming almost painful to his oversensitive cock. Frederick slowly lets Will's cock slip from his mouth, messily kissing the tip before he leans back and pants harshly.

Will gazes down at Frederick, his eyes now heavy with lazy satisfaction, and feels a slow grin grace his lips when he sees the very obvious tenting of Frederick's trousers. He takes a few tissues from the box on Frederick's and wipes the excess spit from his softening cock and readjusts himself, refastening his trousers and belt.

He holds out a hand to Frederick and when the man grasps his hand he pulls him up to stand between his legs. "Thank you, sweetie, I enjoyed that immensely." he kisses Frederick chastely, growling a little at the taste of himself. "Your turn."

Before Frederick can answer or even comprehend, Will is pulling at his trousers until they are open enough for him to shove his hand inside. Frederick gasps and holds onto Will's biceps as Will rubs his fingertips over the head of his cock, spreading and gathering the precum that has spilled. He moans as Will pumps his hand twice, making sure the skin is now slick, and then buries his head into Will's neck and keens noisily as Will begins quickly stroking his cock.

"You're already so close it's not going to take much, is it, sweetie?" Will coos into Frederick's ear, the quick jerking of his hand rocks their bodies together.

"Will, ah-! *Please*." he begs and Will can tell he is hurtling towards orgasm, those tell tale hitching moans that spill so easily from his lips.

"Do you have a change of clothes here, Eric?" Will asks, his voice husky.

"No." Frederick answers, panting heavily against Will's neck and moaning as Will continues to stroke his cock, the slight pull and drag of the fabric of his underwear only heightens his pleasure.

"Oh dear, sweetie," Will croons, "you'll have to be careful not to let Alana or your staff see the mess you're going to make."

Frederick whines, "Will, that's cruel."

He simply chuckles, low and slightly sadistic, "I know, sweetie," Will pulls back so he can look him in the eye and flicks his tongue against Frederick's open mouth, smirking when his tongue mimics the motion, chasing the echo of a kiss. "but you like it."

Frederick moans against his mouth, the space between them so hot and damp it's cloying, and holds onto Will tighter. No words of rebuke come, as Will expected, because for all of Frederick's cheek and feeble protest he enjoys Will's seductive cruelty. He coaxes Frederick close once more, hot breath dampening the skin of his throat, and breathes against his ear. "Come for me, sweetie."

Frederick moans, a long drawn out sound of pure pleasure, and honestly Will is a little worried someone outside the room might have heard but it's quickly forgotten as he watches Frederick fall apart against him. The man trembles and whimpers into Will's chest, he can feel the hot cum spilling from Frederick's cock as he gently strokes him through his orgasm. Will makes small shushing sounds into Frederick's hair, playing with the strands at the nape of his neck as he waits for him to stop shaking.

Will removes his hand when Frederick utters a small plea into his collarbone and kisses his temple. He nudges against Frederick's head until the man sluggishly leans up into a lazy kiss which drags on for several minutes.

With a hum, Frederick pulls himself upright and wrinkles his nose as he refastens his trousers, the wet mess in his underwear no doubt a little uncomfortable, especially now his cum is cooling on his skin. Will steals a few more tissues and cleans his hand, tossing the bundle of tissue into the wastebasket as Frederick diligently buttons his shirt for him.

Once he's done, Will pecks him on the lips and asks, "Do you really not have any spare clothes here?"

Frederick pouts a little, "No. I've never had a reason to before." he stares at Will pointedly but Will just chuckles.

"First time for everything."

"Evidently." Frederick tries for a fussy tone but it's undermined by the twitch of his lips. "Hopefully no one will notice." he mutters, looking down at his trousers, a small patch over his crotch just noticeably darker. "It's a good thing I like you, Will Graham."

Will kisses him quickly, "I'll make it up to you, sweetie." he whispers with a coy smile.

Frederick grins, "You better."

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